



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

or natural summer-house, of Catawba grape vines. Some remains of old fruit trees near by, and a spring a little way down the ravine, indicate that a human habitation once stood near this spot. It is a still and solitary place, away from the road, in a rich, level region, where the young pines are in haste to cover the well-worn cotton fields, and man seems half inclined to let them do it and move to Texas. Upon looking under the massive grape vine, a heap of large stones showing traces of fire, is discovered. These stones once formed the chimney and fireplace of the log-house wherein George McKemey lived and Andrew Jackson was born.

It seems to have been for some time a matter of dispute as to whether General Jackson was born in North or South Carolina. Even the General himself, it seems, believed that he was born in the latter State, since, in his famous proclamation to the nullifiers, he addressed them as "fellow citizens of my native State." It matters but little which side of the Waxhaw Creek he was born on, and we have not a doubt that the people of South Carolina, who had no very good opinion of the General since he threatened to thrash them into good behavior, would cheerfully yield the honor of his birth to her sister State. Mr. Parton has, however, satisfactorily settled the question of his hero's birth-place. After this, who will dare say North Carolina has produced nothing but villainous pitch and turpentine? Andy, as Jackson was called by the neighbors, seems to have been born into the world with a strong inclination to darken the eyes and crack the skulls of his playmates. He was sent early to school, but instead of mastering the mysteries of his spelling-book and grammar, took to wrestling; he also contracted the "big itch," which an old negress, now living, assisted in curing. He was tall, lean of figure, had long legs, skeleton-like arms, a freckled face, and coarse, sandy hair. The picture of Jackson as a boy is by no means flattering. But he could whip any boy of his inches in the neighborhood, and was seldom without a quarrel on his hands. Although he could neither spell correctly, nor write a sentence grammatically, he did, when quite young, get his living by teaching school. The duties of a pedagogue, however, were not congenial to him, and the warlike events by which he was surrounded early in life, soon made a man of him, and brought him into a more active life. He was fond of excitement, and listened to war stories with remarkable attention, and when quite young took an active part in the petty strifes between Whigs and Tories.

In 1780 Jackson witnessed Sumpter's attack upon the British lines, or post, at the Hanging Rock, and it left a deep impression on his mind. In 1781 he was made a prisoner of war, and from his prison witnessed the battle between Lord Howdon's forces and those of General Greene, on Hobkirk Hill. Fortune did not smile on Jackson, and, after suffering various privations, and losing his mother, he returned home, and worked for nearly six months at the trade of a saddler. He was ambitious of acquiring a learned profession, and removed to Salisbury, where he took to studying law, in the office of Mr. Spruce McCay. Instead of close attention to his law books, he soon made out to get up a reputation for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and idleness. Several fights he engaged in made the neighborhood too hot for him, and thinking he had got law learning enough, he received his license, and took his departure for Nashville, Tenn., where he arrived in October, 1788, having seen more of active life and endured more hardships than most men of fifty. Change of scene seems also to have worked a change for the better in his character; and he entered upon the practice of law with great earnestness, soon achieving success.

The early part of Jackson's career as an advocate is rich of amusing incidents, which his clever biographer has humorously sketched. At one time he was forced to bring a refractory gentleman to order by charging upon him with a fence rail, which he used as a bayonet upon the bowels of his adversary, who surrendered in a trice. The highroad of the profession was a hard one to travel in those days; and "legal gentlemen" had to "take" their fees in land, corn, mules, hogs, and potatoes, with now and then a coop of chickens. Jackson seems to have availed himself of this peculiar currency to a liberal extent. He was not a bit sensitive about the article his fee was paid in, so long as the quantity was large enough. Pigs, chickens, and "niggers," never came amiss to Jackson; and he was always ready to exchange his rough oratory for them. As early as 1797 he sold lands in Tennessee to the amount of \$6,000, and had several thousand acres left. He also went into commercial business, and was at one time a partner in one of the largest houses in Tennessee. He turned a goodly penny, too, at dealing in slaves and horse-breeding. He was a man of extraordinary aptness, and could turn his mind with great readiness to a variety of things.

On the 1st of June, 1790, Tennessee was admitted a State into the Union, and Jackson sent as its representative to Congress. In 1797 he was made senator, and retired in the following year, to assume the duties of judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. He does not seem to have distinguished himself on the Bench, except for violence of temper, and the firmness with which he held the bar in check, and asserted the authority of the Bench; Jackson had a strong and clear sense of right, and his future acts prove how imperiously he asserted it. Many curious and amusing anecdotes are told of him during his career as a judge. He was at times imperious, dictatorial, overbearing, and could outswear any man in the State. He was so dead a shot that the whole bar was afraid of him. He enjoyed a fight highly, and never had less than a dozen quarrels on his hands, even while a judge.

We have already extended our remarks beyond the limits usually assigned to books by this journal; but having taken up the book, and found it so full of interest, the most difficult task was how and where to part company with it. The latter part of the volume introduces us to Jackson in his military character; and it is here the lover of stirring events will find enough to gratify his most sanguinary demands. We are under obligation to Mr. Parton for affording us so much instruction and amusement as is contained in this volume, hoping the second will soon make its appearance.

POEMS. By the Author of "John Halifax." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A volume of verses which is also a volume of poetry is really a very rare thing in these days. Verses there are in superabundance;—"leaves in Vallambrosa"—a flashing decadence; one might call it the autumn of poetry, for there are few living thoughts among all this flying flutter of words. If we can find anything that is even *poetical* in the new books of verse, our hopes revive. It affects us like a February morning into which the balm of May has stolen, and makes us believe there is life at the heart of things yet.

More than a whisper and promise of poetical life may be found in these poems by "the author of John Halifax," generally understood to be Miss Muloch. There is here the utterance of right womanly earnestness, of deep and true feeling, sometimes a tinge too sad, perhaps—yet not sadder than the

experience of a thoughtful woman, who lives much alone, is likely to be. The pathos of "Cousin Robert," for instance, is no weak sentimentality; it is the sorrow of a nature to which any aberration from right is keenest pain.

O Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere they are old;
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold;
Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves;
Better to mourn, God's children dear,
Than laugh, the devil's slaves.

"Westward Ho!" the last song in the book, shows the brave, mournful heart looking forward over

The long, long years of conquered time,
The possible years unwon, that slope
Before us in the pale sublime
Of lives that have more faith than hope.

"A Dream of Death," reveals the same union of sadness and trust.

"Where shall we sail to day?" Thus said, methought,
A voice, that only could be heard in dreams:
And on we glided without mast or oar,
A wondrous boat upon a wondrous sea.

Sudden, the shore curved inward to a bay,
Broad, calm, with gorgeous sea-weeds waving slow
Beneath the waters, like rich thoughts that stir
In the mysterious deep of poets' hearts.

So still, so fair, so rosy in the dawn
Lay that bright bay: yet something seemed to breathe,
Or in the air, or from the whispering waves,
Or from that voice, as near as one's own soul,

"There was a wreck last night." A wreck? then where
The ship, the crew? The all-entombing sea
On which is writ nor name nor chronicle
Laid itself o'er them with smooth crystal smile.

"Yet was the wreck last night." And gazing down,
Deep down below the surface, we were 'ware
Of ghastly faces with their open eyes
Uplooking to the dawn they could not see.

One moved with moving sea-weeds; one lay prone,
The tinted fishes gliding o'er his breast;
One, caught by floating briers, rocked quietly
Upon his reedy cradle, like a child.

"The wreck has been," said the melodious voice,
"Yet all is peace. The dead, that while we slept
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no storms;
O'er them let us not weep when heaven smiles."

So we sailed on above the diamond sands,
Bright sea-flowers, and white faces stony calm,
Till the waves bore us to the open main,
And the great sun arose upon the world.

This depth and reality of feeling of which we have spoken, will, perhaps, account for the not unfrequent imperfections we meet with in the book. Lava may be molded into finished forms, but it does not naturally flow out of the earth's heart into them.

The power this writer so frequently manifests, makes any apparent carelessness more painful. She often mistakes a merely self-absorbed mood for inspiration, as in "The Wind at

Night;" though here the oddity of the rhymes has much to do with the unpleasant effect of the piece. Strained figures there are, too: why should *snow*, always the emblem of unstained purity, be said to be

Folded white as a *sinner's* shroud.

Yet these last are mere faults of manner; that the writer can do better may be amply shown. See this picture of a field "the day before the mowing."

All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering in the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through,
The little field, the smiling field,
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

"Her Likeness" is a sketch to the life.

A girl, who had so many willful ways
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him,
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,
And very far from angel yet I trow;
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human,
Yet she's more lovable as simple woman,
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore, I wish that she may safely keep
This womanhede, and change not, only grow;
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,
And in perennial blessedness, still reap
On every hand of that which she doth sow.

In a richer style is the portrait of "A Beautiful Woman."

What eyes you have, you wild gazelle o' the plain,
You fierce hind of the forest! now they flash,
Now glow, now in their own dark down-dropt shade
Conceal themselves a moment, as some thought
Too brief to be a feeling, flits across
The April cloudland of your careless soul,—
There—that light laugh—and 'tis full, sun-full day.

Would I could paint you, line by line, ere Time
Touches the gorgeous picture! your ripe mouth,
Your white arched throat, your statue like to Saul's
Among his brethren, yet so fitly framed
In such harmonious symmetry, we say
As of a cedar among common trees,
Never "How tall!" but only "O how fair!"

Woman, upon whom is laid
Heaven's own sign-manual, Beauty, mock Heaven not!
Reverence thy loveliness—the outward type
Of things we understand not, nor behold
But as in a glass, darkly; wear it thou
With awful gladness, glad humility,
That not contemns, nor boasts, nor is ashamed,
But lifts its face up prayerfully to heaven—
"Thou who hast made me, make me worthy thee!"

Well as Miss Muloch has written, she would probably write better poetry if she were not so good a prose writer. Her energies have been given to her novels; her poems seem like the desultory offerings of a nature which must sometimes utter itself in verse. With her powers of expression, her earnestness,

her goodness of heart, she could not but write what is felt to be tender, truthful and elevating. All honor to her, and to all who endeavor to make the most of their talents for noble ends.

Yet we cannot repress the wish that the singing men and women of our day would give us something more satisfying, and, therefore, better worth remembering. There is enough of mere superficial finish, too much, perhaps, of the study of words and sounds. When poems are written so as to reveal something else besides metrical skill, and show that they are instinct with qualities that cannot be traced to egotism or to limited sensibility, the world will not willingly let them die.

THE MARBLE FAWN; or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields.

We gladly welcome Mr. Hawthorne back to the workshop of American literature. But why did he give us his impressions of Italy in so dark and terrible a tragedy as this *Marble Fawn*? The elaborate machinery which Mr. Hawthorne has called to his aid in developing this ghastly story is another proof of his superior genius. And yet, although we are willing to concede that the book has great literary merit, and is written in a graceful and vigorous style, we must confess that we regard the influence of such tragedies as are here pictured so graphically, anything but good. The whole story is rank of blood, dismal in tone, unnatural, and made more ghastly with spectral figures, whose mysterious histories are written in blood and guilty love. The ingenuity of the author has, however, invested this dark and terrible story with a fascination strangely irresistible. In power of exciting the imagination, and in the wildness and ghastliness of the mantle he has cast about some of his scenes, even Mrs. Radcliffe herself is surpassed. So rank is the smell of blood with which our feelings are excited and our senses offended, that our heart gladdens when we come upon those few rays of sunshine, here and there tenderly worked in to relieve the sombre and horrifying hues of the picture. Then it is that we find ourselves instinctively asking the question, why was not so graceful and vigorous a pen employed upon a subject more pleasing to the fancy, more instructive, and better shaped for serving the ends of humanity? The progress of civilization and morality owe nothing to such books as these. They may excite and fascinate the strong and healthy mind, but they confuse, mislead, and, in too many instances, completely wreck weaker ones. And yet, a work exhibiting so much genius cannot fail of securing a large circle of readers.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY. By Charles Eliot Norton. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

Four years ago the accomplished author of the above work favored THE CRAYON with a series of letters from Italy, under the head of Italy in 1855-1856, which letters were welcomed by our readers at that time with unusual interest. These letters form a portion of the Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, the other portion consists of letters written about the same period, but not heretofore published. We are glad to see them in their present shape, and accessible to a larger audience than they enjoyed in our columns. These letters have a peculiar character. They are genuine studies, not narratives of incident, or attempts at description of ordinary scenes and people; they furnish illustrations of serious social problems, and full and complete essays on subjects of the most refined import, such as relate to monuments of Art and religion. Mr. Norton is unusually sensitive to objects that bring the middle ages to mind—such, for instance, as the noble cathedral of Orvieto. His account of the building of this

cathedral is a prose poem. What modern phase of public energy is at all comparable to that which the people of Orvieto displayed when they built this magnificent cathedral? The chapter on Petrarch and the fortunes of the Colonnas is equally interesting. Mr. Norton handles his subjects skillfully. His work helps to bring into notice the spirit of the middle ages, which the people of our day ought to know more of. It seems to us that the middle ages present phases of life and poetry, quite as enjoyable as the cycle of antiquity. Every attempt to open this mine of intellectual wealth should be welcomed, for we need some kind of *renaissance* differing from the old one of the fifteenth century.

LA FEMME. Translated from the French of M. J. Michelet, by J. W. Palmer, M.D. Rudd & Carleton, Publishers.

The author of this book has shown clearly enough that a good intention may be easily perverted. We have, perhaps, no right to quarrel with M. Michelet for his intention in writing such books; but their influence, we think, might be wisely confined to an atmosphere and to a class very different from anything found in this country. In considering the influence of these books, the first question which naturally arises in our mind is, are they fit to be placed in the hands of young and pure-minded females? On this there can be but one opinion. No father of a respectable family would for a moment permit his daughters to read them. And yet these daughters are the very persons to whom they are addressed. M. Michelet is resolved that his readers shall be thoroughly instructed in the mysteries of woman's physical nature. But instead of confining his dissertations within the boundaries of science, he has hung them in the gayest coloring of sentiment, and made them seductive where they should have only been instructive. Our remarks upon *L'Amour*, in our review of that work, will apply to *La Femme*.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES M. LEUPP. By John H. Gourlie.

This pamphlet contains an address by John H. Gourlie, delivered before the Column, a literary association in this city, of which the late Mr. Leupp was a cherished member. Mr. Gourlie pays a graceful tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of his departed friend; he presents us with an abstract of Mr. Leupp's career and an estimate of his usefulness in society, which others besides the members of the Column will carefully preserve as the most valuable souvenir of him they could desire.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April presents an exceedingly interesting series of articles, cleverly illustrated. Chapin, the artist, contributes an interesting and instructive article descriptive of a journey into the "Iron Regions of New Jersey." "Gold Getting in California," is well written, and through its spirited illustrations gives the reader a clear and forcible idea of what life is in the diggings, even now. Thomas Dunn English contributes a ballad on the Battle of Lexington. "The Little Art Student," a touching story, told pleasantly, is from the pen of Mrs. Addison Richards. "Yet's Christmas Box" is one of the best written articles in the number, and from the pen of the author of Sir Rohan's Ghost. Fitz James O'Brien has a clever poem, "The Lost Steamship," founded on the loss of the Hungarian. "Lovel, the Widower," by Mr. Thackeray, is continued, but its only merit is excessive dullness. The editor flanks his army of contributors with a banquet of interesting matter, well served up.